

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

• DISCE • QVASI • SEMPER • VICTVRVS • • VIVE • QVASI • CRAS • MORITVRVS •
P.X.7

VOL. XXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

No. 6.

A Lyric of Hope.

HOPE, ever hope, though deathly keen the pain
Of threads quick-snapt, and tangled all the skein
Of God's great purposes may seem, and long the
bitter strife.

Hope, ever hope, the web beneath His hands
Our lives are, and the parting of the strands
Mars not the beauty of His large designs, with love
and wisdom rife.

Hope, ever hope, the shining thread is spun,
The shuttle moves, the golden woof is done,
And glories unimagined start to light and radiant life.

D. V. C.

Berlin and Its Students.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

When a foreigner writes about any people, he should not wish to be taken seriously. If he tell the truth, the most liberal citizen of the country under examination will say he is impudent. If he adopt the plan of a certain Frenchman who writes of America, to flatter brilliantly, mentioning an amiable fault now and then to make the account seem real, he is praised. Let the remarks made here, then, go for what they are worth.

The Berlineses are not so enthusiastically pious as one might think a people should be who live near the shrine of the unco' gude, Martinus Luther. They observe the Sabbath by shutting the shops, and many go to hear the preachers. As in another town of which Fred Locker wrote:

"They eat and drink and scheme and plod,
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

On Sunday afternoon all Berlin and his wife and the multitudinous buds—small families are, happily, not fashionable in Germany—go out to enjoy themselves. The father gets one big glass of beer and a cigar for himself, another glass of beer for mamma, which she shares with the babies; and there is a half glass for the big boy. They are all happy; the parents do not scold, and there is no hurry. The father seems to be accustomed to his children.

These children are kept at school too much, and they are governed too much. Even during recreation time a teacher is sent out with the unfortunate boys; and he carefully puts them in lines, and cries, in a military voice: "Now Karl Persch kick the football!" The lad prances out solemnly and kicks the football. He kicks it because he thinks it is his duty to do so, and he hurries back to his place. The master shouts again: "Now George Schmidt will kick the football!" George kicks; and so on down the line, till you go away, for fear you might yield to the violent yearning you have to go over and treat the man as the boys treat the ball.

After dark the lads rush home quickly to begin the preparation of the tasks for the next day. They do not race and yell and laugh just because they are alive, as our boys do; the military discipline is over them and around them—they are steeped in it. Military spirit! I have actually seen a line of twenty tiny girls in Berlin, on a holiday, playing soldier; and they could "mark time" and do the "right-about-face" as well as any twenty American boys from Boston to San Francisco.

Berlin has a million and a half inhabitants, about one hundred thousand more than Vienna. It is a modern town, in gray. There are some red brick buildings, but the prevailing color is gray. The houses go up four stories and stop there, all regular, like Prussian infantry; and if you fell from any window in the city between daylight and dark, you would most probably alight upon the head of some member of that Prussian infantry. It is a sturdy, practical soldiery up as far as the officers. They say the officers also are very practical; but they seem to be fond of monocles and slender waists and posing, and they are all "gentlemen."

Most of the streets are paved with asphalt, and there are broad sidewalks on all the thoroughfares of any importance. Every thirty paces one sees a gas lamp with eight jets, but, until a very few years ago, no electric lights, except the private lamps before shops and restaurants. They keep the streets clean in dry weather, and as dirty as they are in most large cities in wet weather,—there is plenty of wet weather in Berlin. All winter it drizzles, drizzles, till you long for a wholesome American rain, that does its work and quits.

There are no trolleys, no cable cars, no beggars, no newsboys, no bootblacks, no cats; and dogs work for their living by pulling carts. The horse-cars are allowed to carry a fixed number of passengers. If the car is full, you must wait for the next. There is an elevated railway, and pneumatic tubes run throughout the city. The tubes are quicker than messenger-boy service for notes and letters. The messengers in Berlin are red-capped men that wait on the corners for employment. Telegraph wires are kept out of the way by running them along the roofs of the houses. Our flaring theatre-poster is unknown: one finds the play and opera announcements on a cylinder at the street corner,—you buy your theatre programme. The Berlinese never see serious fires, and their fire department is not important,—it appears ridiculous to an American.

If you could climb to the top of a German stove—which is made of tiles that tower upward for eight or ten feet, and looks exactly like a tombstone,—you could sit there all day and never suspect the presence of a fire. The mouthful of fuel a landlady doles out in the morning gives up in despair before it succeeds in warming two tiles of the hundred in the edifice. The people keep warm by using double windows, which are shut in autumn and opened on fine days in winter. This arrangement

makes the air in a room useful,—clothing may be hung upon it.

Then the German women have a mania for house-cleaning. They dust and hide a man's papers as our servant-girls do; but no American servant yields to the scrubbing-habit in so violent excess. The ladies over there rest not by shopping, but by knitting; they knit at public concerts, during their *kaffeeklatscherei*. You cannot "shop" anywhere in Germany. A person must know exactly what he wants, and ask for that, and meekly take what is offered. If you make the clerk show you two or three articles and you do not want them, you always buy some trifle, whether you need it or not; otherwise there may be a scene. The clerks are there to sell things, not to show you the possessions of their employer. Ladies afflicted with the shopping disease should be sent to Germany for cure.

Perhaps the most remarkable trait in the Berlinese and Prussian character is a wonderful national arrogance. A Roman beggar will wrap his ragged cloak about himself like a toga, strike his chest, and haughtily say, "*Noi altri Romani!*" as if Augustus were still a factor in European politics; but the Italian respects other nations. A Frenchman never doubts that France is above the world, but he is even sensitive about the opinion of other countries. The Englishman is so absolutely certain that England belongs to another planet that he seldom gives the matter a thought, and he, therefore, does not annoy you. But the Prussian! The sun rises and sets in Prussia and for Prussia alone; the national motto, "*Gott mit Uns!*" is not a motto, but the verbal expression of a monopoly. This childishness seems to be universal even in the universities. The success of 1870 has turned their heads. . . . I do not believe these remarks are true of Germany in general, but they certainly fit Prussia very closely; and no one will admit the truth of this statement more quickly than a Saxon or a Bavarian.

All the men in Berlin that are not soldiers, government officials or students, seem to be policemen. This assertion may be recalled if any one object to it, but the name Berlin always suggests policemen and passports. The university men are a privileged class in the sight of the police. If a student show his matriculation-card in an hour of tribulation, the police will not arrest him. They report him at the University, unless the offence is grave. There are nearly seven thousand students in

the University of Berlin, and the matriculation-cards are frequently used by the foxes. A fox—one just fresh from the gymnasium—is sometimes called a *student* to distinguish him from older men who do not spend their time in duelling and beer-drinking; the latter are called *studysers*, if the word may be used.

Mark Twain, in "A Tramp Abroad," gave the American people many highly-colored notions of the German university student. He tells us that the young German goes to the University merely to add lofty ornamental pinnacles to an education already monumental; but, *salva reverentia*, he was carried too far by his love for Germany. All German university students are men that have gone through the gymnasia, which are like our reputable colleges here; and these students are no better than our post-graduate men.

No boy beginning a university course is troubled with pinnacles on his knowledge, except in the imaginings of his own conceit. The mistake is made by comparing our so-called university students—lads doing gymnasium work—with the real university men that one meets at Heidelberg, Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany. A matter in which the Germans are far ahead of us is this, that they have common-sense enough not to permit a lad with merely a high-school education, or with no education at all, to begin the study of medicine, law, and other branches of higher learning, as we do, to our disgrace. We put the roof, and often a poor shingled roof at that, directly upon the foundation, and then talk about our architecture. There are quacks and pettifoggers in Germany, but we have a hundred quacks for one that Germany has; and the law with us has almost ceased to be a learned profession.

It would be foolish to contend that German educational methods are always good. In the early and advanced study of Latin and Greek literature, for instance, the Germans have degenerated into philologists; and we imitate them in many of our best colleges. One of the chief educational errors of our time is to mistake a means for an end—the painter, sculptor, poet, and musician now work at technique to the neglect of the thought,—and that is what the Germans and their American imitators do when they dig Greek roots to the neglect of the greatest literature the world ever produced.

Oxford should be our model; for it is almost the only university that does true work in this line. In medicine the Germans waste time on studies remotely associated therewith (I speak

here of the average student, not of the scientist), but we do not study the essential parts of medicine except in a handful of colleges. There are practical surgeons and physicians in America equal to the great men of Germany; but we have only a handful of thoroughly scientific physicians and surgeons, that break the ground for the practical man, that make the practical man possible, where Germany has hundreds.

The German and Austrian universities have three classes of teachers. In the highest grade is the Professor Ordinarius, and there are few who rise to this rank. He is paid by the government, and he is respected more than a United States Senator is respected in America. The Rector Magnificus is chosen from among the Professores Ordinarii, with the approbation of the Kaiser. In the second rank is the Professor Extraordinarius. He receives no pay, except small fees from students. If he is brilliant, he will have a large following, provided his subject-matter be not outside the beaten track—then he receives glory alone. In the lowest grade is the Privat-Docent. He is often an assistant to some professor, or he may be independent. The Privat-Docent is paid by fees or by expectation.

Promotion is made after considering a man's merit and following—and, be it spoken softly, his influence. They call it his "protection" over there. The protection is usually Baroness Somebody or a Mrs. Professor Ordinarius. I am not so certain about the state of affairs in this respect in Berlin, but in Austria a Privat-Docent or a Professor Extraordinarius might be very brilliant indeed, but if he be without "protection" he will never soar. I know of promotions made through influence in Berlin. Notwithstanding this evil, truly learned men advance because they deliberately seek "protection," knowing they have no other course. They spend their lives in the universities, toiling for nothing but fame and the delight of discovery; and they die content if, at last, Science fasten their name on a single *bacillus*, or if in some throng the sacred Kaiser smile upon them in passing.

In place of our football battles and boat-races and Greek-letter societies, the Berlineese and other German students have the duel and the Kneipe, and occasionally a Fest-Kommers. There is also much indoor athletic work done by them. The Kneipe is an exercise in which a certain party of students, about once a week, chat, sing, and drink beer after an elaborate ceremonial. In a Fest-Kommers immense

crowds of students often take part. The great Kommers is usually held to celebrate the jubilee year of a noted man's professorship. One in honor of Virchow took place a few years ago, in the vast hall of a brewery in Berlin, and there were more than five thousand students present. The place was decorated with evergreens and hundreds of flags and banners; and the galleries were thronged with ladies, faintly smiling through mists of tobacco smoke. At long pine tables below, the multitude of young men were busy in the early part of the evening buying beer checks from the waiters. A single check represented the value of a pint of beer; and it saved trouble in making change, that might arise later in the night when the lights grew blurred. Ten checks were enough to begin with.

As a student approached a table upon entering the hall, he bowed after the German fashion; that is he clicked his heels together, broke into two parts at the waist suddenly like a shutting carpenter's-rule, and recovered. He then announced his name. The men near by muttered their own names in return, and the deep murmur of conversation was renewed. As a professor entered, the trumpeters sounded an alarm, the duelling corps smote the tables with the flat of their sabres, and the multitude arose.

The duelling corps were all in full uniform: tiny embroidered tassel-caps set aslant rakishly on hair that was mathematically parted down the back of the scalp; braided velveteen jackets; gorgeous silken sashes; white breeches that fitted like a bottle-label; jack-boots spurred ferociously; and basket-hilted sabres. The faces were all seamed with hideous scars. Their duelling is very brutal, and most of it is done in cold blood, just as our boys get up a boxing-match. Only the face is chopped. If you can stand the sickening details, you will find a very true account of these encounters in Mark Twain's book, "A Tramp Abroad." A Spanish bull-fight is far less disgusting; for, after all, in Spain they slash and rip a beast, and not a human being. Two or three students are killed almost every year in duels, and hundreds are disfigured for life in German universities. Two years ago William II. said: "Let the boys fight; it makes them manly!"

When a fighter with a reputation cannot get any friendly challenges, he goes to a small Kommers—at the great Kommers the programmes always announce that "challenges are invalid during this evening,"—and he induces some one to tread on the tail of his coat

in this manner. Throughout Germany it is common to use the French expression "*Pardon!*" for "Excuse me!" instead of its German equivalent. The fire-eater jostles a fellow-student; this student heedlessly ejaculates, "*Pardon!*" The fire-eater bows and innocently asks, "Are you a Frenchman?" If you would fully appreciate the enormity of this insinuation, go down to Texas and ask a cowboy if he is a greaser, or ask a Virginian if he is a "nigger." Cards are exchanged instantly. When American students are challenged, they select revolvers, and that ends the affair in nearly every case.

To go back to the Virchow Kommers. The first toast, of course, was to the Kaiser. The sabres clashed, the multitude arose; some one shouted, "*Eins! zwei! drei!*" Five thousand pints of beer were uplifted and tasted; then down on the tables, with a thunderous crash, came all the glasses. Three times around in splashing circles the sea of beer was pushed; then up it surged, and five thousand pints of the foaming liquid was poured into the flower of the fatherland in one stupendous gurgle. At the resumption of respiration they shouted "*Hoch!*" This is drinking a salamander. Then they chanted "*Heil, Kaiser, Dir!*"—*Ave Maria*.

The Hoosier Poet.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

If poetic genius has had its day—for there are some who flaunt this assertion in the face of the present generation,—and if the Muse, with harp unstrung, must worship in silence at the tombs of Homer, Dante and Shakspeare, through what medium will the poetic inspirations of the future find utterance? They tell us that literature will see no other Homer, or Dante, or Shakspeare—no, not even a Longfellow, that nothing new remains to be said, and that the best the future can produce will be mere imitations of the old masters.

Pleasant reflections, these! But some consolation remains for us in the fact that as yet we are not wholly destitute of poets. I do not mean that they are the equals of those just named. Far from it. But we have men who can interpret the emotions and enthusiasms of the heart in simple, poetic language; and what more is required of a poet? In the art of expressing thought clearly and forcibly, Long-

fellow, among the poets, stands pre-eminent. And after Longfellow I know of none who finds more quickly a responsive echo in the hearts of the people than James Whitcomb Riley.

In his versification, Mr. Riley stands widely apart from all his contemporaries. His personality is stamped plainly on every line of his works, while his diction almost equals Longfellow's in its simplicity. He writes for the people at large, not the select; and that his efforts are duly appreciated is apparent from the large circle of his readers. Most of his poems have to do with home life and its surroundings, and are written in what is known as "Hoosier dialect." They are the utterances of the simple, honest-hearted tiller of the soil, with his rough, pointed way of giving voice to his tenderer sentiments.

But Mr. Riley has not confined his verse wholly to dialect. Many of his sweetest productions are written in a style that savors somewhat of Longfellow, and yet, in its essence, is quite different. His thoughts have not the depth of Longfellow's, nor are they so forcibly expressed; but he has reached the masses as no other poet has done. And what is, above all, most characteristic of our poet is found in the subjects of his verse. He takes ordinary characters as they appear to him; not in a moment of wild passion, or anguish, or despair, but just as they live from day to day. And yet so true to nature are his portrayals that one finds in them something new, something before unnoticed, and that something is the personality of the poet.

In the delineation of rustic characters, Mr. Riley has not closed his eyes to the humorous side of their lives; nor have his efforts in this direction tended to detract anything from his fame as a poet. It is the real, genuine country humor one hears in a village store or any other gathering place of farmers. The truest example perhaps of humor of this sort will be found in a "Liz-town Humorist," the first stanza of which runs as follows:

"Settin' round the stove last night,
Down at Wess's store, was me
And Bob Strimps, Tunk and White
And Doc Bills, and two or three
Fellers of the Modsock tribe,
No use tryin' to describe;
And, says Doc, he says, says he,
'Talkin' 'bout good things to eat
Ripe mush-millin's hard to beat.'"

"The Raggedy Man" is another excellent example of Mr. Riley's humor. In this poem his description is really brilliant, and nowhere

does the interest lag. I often wonder if the farmers appreciate this description of their own manners and customs. They certainly must, for Mr. Riley does them no injustice in depicting them. His characters are as true to nature as those of Thackeray or George Eliot. And why should they not be? He was born and brought up among the farmers of central Indiana. Their sympathies are his sympathies. He has lived their life, known and felt their sentiments, and loves the calm pleasure of their enjoyments. And when Riley presents them to us in his poems they appear as real as life. They appeal to our hearts as homely, honest folk whose lives are full of humor and pathos in spite of the narrowness of them.

This is the true purpose of poetry. It is not necessary to weave into story the deeds of some imaginary hero, and recount his valiant exploits in the lines of a Homer. The little incidents of everyday life have more effect upon man's character than great events which occur but once in a lifetime, because the former exercise an unconscious influence. And so too in poetry. We read the "Iliad," and we wax enthusiastic over the victorious career of the hero. The description reaches the sublime, and we exclaim: "Ah! this is poetry." The hero becomes part of ourselves. We fight beside him, shoulder to shoulder; his defeat is our defeat; his victory our victory. And even after we have laid the great epic aside, our hearts beat fast from the fancied effects of the imaginary conflict.

Then we pick up a volume, such as "Old-Fashioned Roses," and as we read a feeling of content creeps over the heart, a feeling of homely sympathy, and we lay the book aside, unconscious of its tender influence. But in the hush of evening, or through the winter's long nights, the soft, sweet rhymes come back to our minds instinctively. And whether it be the rain, or snow, or sleet, that forces us indoors, we are unconscious of it all. We are "knee deep in June," inhaling the fragrance of clover and wild roses, listening to the notes of the lark and robin, and gazing up in reverie at the vast blue dome of Nature. And if home be far away, and a feeling of loneliness takes possession of the heart, we may pick up the old volume again and comfort ourselves with the well-known verses, "Coffee like my mother used to make." Poetry! What is poetry unless it soothe the wounded feelings, and console one in distress? And no matter how great the obstacles to be overcome, no matter how trying our path of

life may be, a cheerful word in the way of sympathy will do wonders.

This is the quality of Mr. Riley's poetry: as unassuming as the innocence of childhood, as tender as a mother to her child, and as deep in its simplicity as life itself. He has a natural talent for rendering commonplace incidents strikingly interesting. "A Life Lesson" ably illustrates this faculty of the poet. It is composed of three stanzas, the last of which is the best:

"There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh,—
There! little girl, don't cry!"

Who but Riley could carve such a jewel out of a common stone?

There is "That Old Sweet-heart of Mine"—

"Old John's jest made o' the commonest stuff—
Old John Henry—
He's tough, I reckon, but none too tough—
Too tough, though's better than not enough,
Says old John Henry,"—

the very music of it throbs with love. Not the flighty affections of a coquette, but the sacred love which unites man and wife, and strengthens them in their struggle with the world. There is "The Old Man and Jim," appealingly pathetic in some passages, yet with a faint touch of delicate humor between the lines. Another of Mr. Riley's most noted sketches is "Old John Henry." Like "The Old Man and Jim," it is written in dialect, and is unique in description:

"He does his best, and when his best's bad
He don't fret none, nor he don't git sad;
He simply 'lows it's the best he had—
Old John Henry!"

It is little wonder that Mr. Riley is so popular with the masses. He depicts Nature unadorned. He sings of the blossoms of spring, the waving foliage of summer, and the harvest of fall. One can almost see the long stretch of bare fields; one can almost feel the morning's cold, bracing air that breathes of winter. With long rows of apple trees, and peach and pear; with broad, brown fields, some bare, some dotted with stacks of corn in the shock; with the cattle lowing at the barnyard gate; and with the welcome of the simple-hearted people who are rich beyond compare in the smallness of their needs:

"Oh! it sets my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock."

Varsity Verse.

THE EDITOR'S COMPLAINT.

'Tis said that waking, balmy spring
Is lovers' time;
When flowers,—and all that sort o' thing
Is put to rhyme.

I know it's all an overtoppling lie;
If not, this stuff
That's coming in, when overcoats are high
Is all a bluff.

Perhaps these youths have found a summer maid
Who will be true,
Till Christmas presents in her hands are laid;
Then, "Jack, adieu!"

E. J. M.

A RHAPSODY?

Bare are the trees beside the lonesome road;
A fleck of snow falls on a withered leaf;
The birds have fled to a more blessed abode;
The woods, a mouthpiece for the north-wind's grief
Moan in despair, because the summer brief,
That gave them life and color, to the fall
Has giv'n the reins of empire,—and the chief,
Our captain, cries aloud: "Fall on the ball!"

J. B.

DELUSION.

All women are flowers in society's garden,
And each has her personal fragrance and hue;
Yet they seem as the blossomless plants of the wayside,
Compared with you.

For your life is so spotless, your nature so gentle,
Your fathomless eyes when they gaze into mine
Seem to plead with my soul in a mystical language
Almost divine.

W. P. B.

APROPOS OF FOOTBALL.

A shorty gazed at the football field,
And sighed a sigh of grief;
"I'm only five feet, six," he said,
"Oh! why was I made so brief?"

A. W. S.

EVOLUTION.

The summer has fled and the umpire's decision—
"Three strikes!"—is no longer the talk of the town;
It simply has suffered a little revision:
For now comes the "kick" with the umpire's "Fourth
down!"

J. B.

A Strange Meeting.

ELMER J. MURPHY.

"Roger, old fellow, do you think I'll ever be a great man? Shall I ever be able to paint, or sing or compose music so that the people will talk about me, and say I am a genius? You understand me, don't you? Yes; I knew you did. This farmer life is too quiet for you and me, isn't it? I wish to live where there is some

change and excitement. It's too tiresome to see the same thing every day, and to have no way of getting a bit of enjoyment.

"I wish I were an artist. Do you see that spot over there by the old well, where the poplar grows? Do you think I shall ever be able to paint such a scene? Look at the clouds too. Aren't they grand? Suppose we were in my studio,—I would call it Fancy's Prison, because there I would paint the beauty of my dreams. The ground is my canvas, and I shall use this stick for my pencil. See, here is a rough sketch. Here is the poplar with its queer branches, and here,—something like this—is the old well. The clouds are up there, but I cannot get the color. If I had brushes and,—There! you old hero, you have ruined it all with your paw! Don't you appreciate my art?"

That is the way Neal Howarth talked to his big dog; because he had nobody else to talk to. Besides, Roger was good company; he never contradicted, and, most times, listened attentively. But he could talk just the same. Perhaps, to day, Neal conversed too long; so Roger, to break the monotony, stretched to his full length and rubbed his snout against his master, as much as to say: "Oh! break this off, and let's have a romp. I don't like to see you lying around on a day like this." And if you knew the dog you could tell whatever he wanted by his tail and eyes.

As Neal said, he was tired of farm life. It was easy for him, for he had very little to do. He was young, though, and longed for excitement and business. He was also well educated, which made him the more anxious to go out among the people to make use of what he had learned. He knew he could do something, and he knew that tilling the soil was not that something. He wished, most of all, to become an artist. Already he had taught himself to draw roughly and in his own fascinating way. His father, however, was averse to his studying art, for he wished his son to take his place as proprietor of the Dorhill farm; but Neal was not satisfied. He contrived to take two lessons a week in town without his parents knowing it. The instructor, who knew very little about what he pretended to teach, tried to make Neal lose his personality in his work; so the new student did not come back after the tenth lesson.

Still, this did not end his attempts to take lessons. His arguments with his father became quite regular events, but they did no good. The father would not change his mind. "My

grandparents were farmers," he said, "and I am one myself. You shall be a farmer too, if I have anything to say about it."

So Neal painted, with himself for a tutor; and his desire grew stronger as he learned. At last he gained consent to go to an art school for a year. But there was another drawback: while Neal was gone, no one cared for Roger. In a few days, though, a chance came. A young lady happened to see the dog and liked him so well that she bought him at once. It was hard for both Neal and Roger to part, but the next week the one left for school, and the other was taken, unwilling, to his new home.

Neal was glad to get away from the quiet home. The new life was so full of novelty and pleasure, that he wished to live in it always. At first there was a sinking of his spirits when he thought of Roger; but he said "I will forget him. My studies will be too interesting to permit me to think of anything else." And he did forget him, and for a long time even forgot home, too.

All day long he painted. When his fellow-artists examined his work, they said: "We shall hear of him some day in the future. Look at those eyes. They are overflowing with feeling. And notice the anguish on that face. What makes it so fascinatingly queer?" Among his friends, Neal was a leader. No ball, no reception, was given without him. But the year ended quickly, and his father wrote, "Come home." He begged for another year, but without success. "All right," he said, "I will stay, anyway, and earn my own living. I can take two hours for lessons, and the rest of the day I will work."

The next term, every old student asked: "Is Neal Howarth back?" But the one questioned, shrugging his shoulders, said: "Yes, he is here; but how he has changed!" When friends saw Howarth in the studio they grasped his hand; he shook theirs weakly. The boys often would say: "Something is wrong with him. We must cheer him up."

But Neal could not be roused to his usual gaiety. He was sober and melancholy, and shut himself in his room all day long to work. The parties were given as usual, but the guests said they were not so enjoyable as before. What a pity Howarth did not come; he would make it a little better at least. Why did he stay away?

Though the young man worked all day, he found it difficult to keep above water. His pictures sold immediately; but he worked so long on them that not much money came in.

Often he would keep one for a month, studying it to see if there were a place for improvement. He became nervous. He could not sleep, so much did he worry. And his work became poorer.

At last hope brightened. A stranger, a connoisseur of paintings, struck by the oddity and strength of Neal's art, offered him a splendid sum for a large picture of any design he chose. It was, indeed, a windfall for Howarth. He drew himself out of the pool of gloominess into which he had fallen, and chased away the frown of anxiety. His old joviality came back to him. The students saw the change and said: "We must give a reception to welcome him into our midst again."

And so they did. Of course, Howarth was the centre of it all for the night, and everybody was glad of it. It was the best thing of the season. The girls were cheerful, and the boys gay. Wherever Neal stood there was a group of friends around him talking of the good times they would have in the future. During the evening George Tredway, his dearest friend, took him by the arm, and said: "Neal, come with me; some one wishes to introduce you." It was Edith Morley, the prettiest one of all the guests. She was different from the others—modest, but not timid, and with such a charming manner that Neal was quite captivated. On her side, she admired his frank pleasantry and cheerful disposition. They were a handsome pair,—he tall and strong with black hair and eyes; she also tall and graceful, but with light-brown hair and features rather serious. After this evening they became fast friends.

One day, when Neal was at the studio, some one said fire, but no one noticed it. But when the hour was over and Howarth was going to his room, he saw a large crowd further down the street. Then the thought came to him, "Can it be the hotel?"

He ran, and came up just in time to see the smoke and flames burst through his window. The picture was lost, just when it was almost finished. It was too late to do anything now. The flames were creeping up the window-sill from the inside, while thick black smoke came rolling out.

That night, Neal, almost broken down under this new trouble, questions himself: "What shall I do? I cannot stay here longer. I must go home." He had enough of money to pay his fare to a small station within a day's walk of his home. He would not borrow; he was too proud. The next morning, without bidding

his friends good-bye, lest they should see his misery, he starts out alone. One dark evening, tired and dejected he walked down a country road. He was very different from a tramp, for he was still neat and his clothes were in good condition. However, he had not eaten anything for the whole day, and was very weak with hunger. "Here," he said, as he stopped before a beautiful country home, "I must ask for something to eat. I can't hold out any longer."

Hesitating he opened the gate, and walked slowly up the wide gravel walk. Suddenly he heard footsteps, and he crouched back into the shrubbery. He did not know why he did so. He felt half dishonest, though had he reflected he would not have crouched back.

"Grace," said a voice that seemed partly familiar to him, "I thought I saw some one coming up the path."

"You must have been dreaming."

"No, I am sure I was not. What was that?"

"Nothing at all. Don't be afraid; we have Monarch here."

Howarth crouched lower. As he did so a twig snapped. "Monarch, come back, come back." But it was too late. The big dog bounded across the walk, and Neal, giving up all hope of concealment, jumped up and said, "Back, sir, back." But what had happened. The low growl of Monarch was changed to a whine of delight, and Neal felt the dog licking his hands. "Roger, is it you?" The dog answered by running up and down the path with wild delight, barking loud enough to bring out the household.

Neal was in an uncomfortable position, but he frankly told the whole story. Just as he was turning to leave, a young lady came up and said: "Mr. Howarth, this is a strange meeting, but a pleasant one." He saw it was Edith Morley, and was so startled that he merely stammered, "Yes, but I must go. I'll be home by ten o'clock, you know."

"You must not walk. John will take you in the cart."

"No, I—"

"Of course, you'll go!"

When he stood before the door of his own home, thinking how his parents would receive him, he felt something rubbing against his leg, and there was Roger wagging his tail; so he went in with the dog at his side, and his father said: "God bless you, my boy, if you wish to be an artist now be one."

Then Neal took Roger out into the fields—the dog would not leave his old master—and

painted a picture of him that was growing almost lifelike under the young artist's brush. When it was finished it was presented to Miss Edith Morley.

This is the way George Tredway told the story to the students at the Institute: "He painted a picture of the dog and offered it to her with himself. She accepted both. With Neal, Roger came, so that she got all three."

In the winter nights, when Neal and Edith sat in the studio, which was called Fancy's Prison, they often passed the time teasing Roger. Edith called the dog "Monarch;" and when she called "Monarch," and he called "Roger," the dog walked first to one, then to the other, and at last lay down between them. His brown eyes saying, "one thing at a time." Then they both laughed, and she went over to Neal, while Roger followed, and put his big head into her lap, which meant: "Now, you're showing a little common-sense." Above the fireplace hangs the picture, which Edith claims as her own.

Book Notes.

—The ubiquitous *Weather Bureau* renders the modern almanac of little worth except as a record of holidays and fast-days. And still, who does not remember the time when the weather-prophet, with an assurance equalled only by his temerity, forecast fair days and foul a year in advance? But all this is changed, and the almanac flourishes no longer on account of the credulity of its readers, but because of its literary merit. Among the many published in German, the mother tongue of the almanac, there is none, perhaps, more readable than the *Familienfreund*. Happy as is its selection of verse, it is no less fortunate in its prose articles. Of the latter the "Sketches of American Folk-Life," "Account of the Indian Missions in South Dakota," and the article on "The Little Sisters of the Poor" are of special interest.

—October witnesses the initial issue of the *New Bohemian* which styles itself "a modern monthly," and is published at Cincinnati. It would seem that the countless number of periodicals which already occupy the field leave not a spot where a newcomer might take root and flourish; but the *Bohemian* will find a little garden specially prepared for it, which until now has remained undiscovered. It is more or

less intimately connected with the inner workings of the profession of writing, and will attract in the same manner as would a peep behind the scenes of a theatre, to the uninitiated. But this aspect is only incidental; the editors profess a much more praiseworthy motive for its publication: that of bringing out the originality and aggressive spirit of literary striplings as well as the work of older men.

In view of these professions, however, the general and sometimes strained effort to secure a Bohemian atmosphere, and the direct references to it in sketches, stories and editorial comment, give a somewhat false ring to the greeting of Number One.

Bohemia is the most charming place in the world, and Bohemians are the most delightful of men and women. But the true Bohemian is more exclusive than the elect of society, and a peeper from the world outside its circle is a discord which reduces its charmed atmosphere to the level of the commonplace. This is the reason that the *New Bohemian* does not strike true, and that the Bohemia of its pages is an artificial creation which only grasps at the true paradise of talent and congenial fellowship.

This does not, however, gainsay the excellence of its articles, for clever workmanship is the rule in its columns. The familiar and personal flavor of its taste is certainly attractive. "Saunder's Story," which begins the number, might easily have found a place in one of our leading magazines. It has a human and personal interest, although we may not accept the writer's ideas as true, and furnishes an example of an indifferent story well told.

James Knapp Reeve, who seems to know what he is writing about, contributes the first paper on "Talks with Young Authors," while the best thing the magazine contains is a protest against the little word "don't" used as an icy deluge on the enthusiasm of the "young person" about to begin the task of winning his spurs. Some very taking verse appears. "In Bohemia," "A Ballade of Proposal," and "The Taking of the Tenor" being the best. The publishers make no attempt at up-to-date typography, and the poorest part of the publication is the illustrating. Although differing so widely in name and appearance, the *Bohemian* and the *Philistine* are really blood relations and have a common sympathy. Though addressed to different audiences, both are protests against the idol of society—conventionality.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 12, 1895.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

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JAMES BARRY,	} Reporters
ANDREW SAMMON,	
JOHN J. FENNESSEY,	

—Yes, we are a bit conservative in some things. The SCHOLASTIC suggested, some time in '93, if our files may be believed, a track-contest, each Field-Day, between Sorin and Brownson Halls. It took a good twenty months for the idea to permeate our local athletes, and next Tuesday will, if October frowns not, see the realization of our dream. Both Halls will put strong teams into the field, and both are confident of victory. If anything, Brownson seems to have the best array of talent, but their brothers across the Campus are working rapidly into trim. No records, it is safe to say, will be broken, for the affair is almost *impromptu*; but if the meeting revives interest in track athletics, its promoters will earn the gratitude of every lover of the Gold and Blue.

—To-morrow is St. Edward's Day, the feast, while he was upon earth, of our dear, saintly Founder, Father Edward Sorin. During his lifetime,—and he was spared to us for many years, long enough to see the grain of mustard seed which he had planted in the wilderness grow and increase beyond his dearest hopes—

it was a day of unmixed joy and rejoicing. To every old student the memory of the receptions tendered, each year, to the stately, gentle patriarch, whom we all knew as "Father General," is the fondest of his college days. Father Sorin's love for Notre Dame was the love of a poet for his ideal; his enthusiasm for her prosperity was his very life. When age touched him with a heavy hand, and his energy began to fail, he gave over the administration of the University's affairs, but his affection for the students—"his boys"—was constant to the last. In others days, the Thirteenth of October was the *fête* of the year, and the track athlete was supreme for the hour. Perhaps it is for the best that Field Day comes in May, and that the only exercises commemorating our Founder's feast will be religious in character. We have one way of showing our gratitude; and the SCHOLASTIC feels sure that no Notre Dame man will forget, to-morrow, to remember in his prayers the one who, under God, created the University and made it what it is.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen was a true man of letters, none the less American for his Norwegian birth and training, and his death is a distinct loss to American literature. Novelists and poets who are also critics are none too many, for the critic is rarely a creator, and the analytic and synthetic faculties seem incompatible in an artist. It was love of art that made Boyesen a critic, and in his strictures on certain schools not his own, he was honest and uncompromising. He was a realist in his later years, a romanticist while his spurs were yet unwon. But we like our critic none the less when we find one not too sure of himself, and when we see him make a complete change of front we admire his honesty and respect his convictions. There is no better Democrat than a convert from the Republican ranks, and *vice versa*. It would be no easy task to say whether his realistic or his romantic novels will live longest. "Gunnar" is a Norse idyl; "Social Strugglers" a careful, masterly study of the minds and motives of some very decent people who are unfortunate enough to grow suddenly rich. Idyl and novel, romance and reality—the two are an almost perfect antithesis. There are romantic touches in "The Nixy's Chord," his latest novelette, and if he had not fallen in mid-career, he might have evolved a new school of romantic realists who would not sacrifice beauty to truth—or, rather, verisimilitude.

Found,—Another "Hindoo."

The twentieth century was still in its early youth, and what was known as the little village of M. in the year 1895, had now grown to the proportions of a great metropolis. The fact was it had a boom, a genuine Kansas boom, which saw its beginning in the erection of a great air-ship manufactory at that place and also the building of an electric road for land transportation. But history says that all towns that grow to any size must have a boom, and M. was no exception to the general rule. At any rate, a man who had lived in the days of the new woman agitation, would hardly have guessed that such an insignificant spot could possibly reach the size it had attained at the time of our story. But truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, and true it was that the long rows of buildings that stretched for several miles along 27th street, were objects which could be viewed with pride by any American.

The streets were crowded with people, hurrying about, and everything gave evidences of the energetic life of this busy city. We are concerned, however, with only one of the vast crowd, who evidently was not well acquainted with his bearings, for, as he hurried along, he more than once glanced impatiently at the signs which ornamented the various buildings. He suddenly seemed to have found what he wanted, as he stopped before one on which was the announcement, "Offices of the Rapid-Transit Air-Ship Co." He hesitated a moment before entering, and one could detect that, though poorly clad, he had evidently seen better times. His face was older then became one of his age and the wrinkles about his mouth showed that they were produced by something other than years.

You may by this time have guessed what his object was in being there; for the offices in front of which he stood were connected with a firm which had just begun operations, and had only that morning placed in the *Daily Times* an advertisement calling for twelve experienced collectors.

Mr. Ellsworth, who sat at his desk in the rear of the main office, had given particular orders that all applicants should be sent to him, for he desired to ascertain personally that the men chosen were energetic, experienced and, above all, possessed of untiring perseverance and endurance. It was for this reason that our

friend of the careworn face, when he applied to the head clerk in answer to the morning's "ad.", was referred to the "gentleman at the rear desk," and consequently he approached him with no little embarrassment of manner.

"Mr. Ellsworth, I believe," were his first words, and being answered in the affirmative he stated the object of his call. For a time the two men remained in earnest conversation, and it was not until Mr. Ellsworth informed him that it was utterly useless, that the young applicant took up his hat to depart.

"I am extremely sorry," began the manager, "but I must lay aside all personal feeling in this affair. I certainly believe you are what you say, but you must see that without recommendations I can do nothing."

The young applicant seemed convinced of this, for he turned to give way to several others, bent on the same object as himself. Suddenly he turned and asked:

"Have you ever heard, Mr. Ellsworth, of the Notre Dame Athletic Association?"

"Heard of it!—why I was a student of Notre Dame in the 90's," and the manager turned and gazed upon the face of the young man.

"I told you I had courage and perseverance," said the applicant; "believe me, I served one term as treasurer of that association," and he hung his head.

Mr. Ellsworth arose from his seat, grasped the young man's hand, and murmured a few words about courage—and forgiveness; and with an unsteady pen he wrote out a contract which was signed upon the spot.

"No thanks due," broke in the manager, as the other was about to speak. "Our firm should give thanks for being able to secure a man who has gone through what you have," and he turned in a better humor to the next applicant, a man of some thirty years, who handed him several letters which were read and returned with the proper ceremony and the usual regrets. But strange to relate, the applicant only smiled at this seemingly disappointing conduct.

"And so they are useless," he began.

"Absolutely useless."

"But surely I have had more experience than that man whom you have just accepted."

"Ah!" said Mr. Ellsworth, "but he has served a term as treasurer of the Notre Dame Athletic Association," and a cold chill ran through him.

"Indeed," replied the applicant, and the smile on his face brightened. "Listen," and he stooped over the desk and whispered a few words in the manager's ear,

Mr. Ellsworth sprang to his feet like a flash, secured a tight hold on the unfortunate man's coat collar and proceeded to walk, or almost run, towards the nearest door, pushing his victim before him. Suddenly, he stopped, and a look of the most abject pity came over his face. His harsh treatment changed to tender anxiety as he led the young man to the nearest chair, and he was so overcome with emotion that he could scarcely find words to answer the hurried questions of the assembled crowd.

"Oh! nothing's the matter," he finally said. "That man told me he had served *two* terms as treasurer of the Notre Dame Athletic Association. Poor fellow! he must have been pretty far gone even then."

"Bye the bye, Jones," addressing a clerk, "call up *The Times*, and tell them to state explicitly in that advertisement that we want no fools connected with this firm. Strange thing in the twentieth century!"

Exchanges.

A great number of college exchanges has reached us, for which we are thankful; the more so that most of them give proof of serious endeavor to fulfil the purpose for which they were begun.

St. Vincent's Journal, from St. Vincent's College, Beatty, Pa., opens with an appreciative sketch of the valuable services in counsel and deed of Archbishop John Hughes, of New York, to the Washington Government, during the trying period of the Civil War. It is a welcome essay; for the deeds of those among our patriots who have received but scant recognition should not be left in obscurity. "The Old Shoemaker" is a story well conceived and worked out; the author will soon outgrow certain signs of youthfulness that are usually connected with such efforts.

The Round Table, of Beloit College, is at pains to show that its new movement this year to admit women to the advantages of the College cannot lower the tone of its curriculum. We trust the statement will prove true. Milton's patriotism—the invaluable help the poet brought to the cause of freedom and right government in his time by means of his pen, his zealous exertions even at the expense of his sight, are recalled in a well-written article. The story is

affected in subject and tone, and the essay on Scott's literary career is jejune. Moreover, though it is quite true that Scott as a novelist is above our praise, it is absurd to say that he is surpassingly great as an historian and a poet.

The Brunonian is not so clever as it usually is, but will, no doubt, next week rise to its old interest. "His Deplored Existence" is somewhat unnatural in thought and punctuation, and the philosophy of the "Two Voices" is dreadfully pessimistic. The "Monody," however, is touching and the contrast in "Disappointed Ambitions" well drawn.

The Spectator has an interesting description of a trip to the Niagara Falls. The writer is beyond the tentative stage in composition, wherein the young man strains after effect in sounding phrases and loose grammar. In the paper on "Social Needs," the writer advocates a rooting out of individual selfishness and a manful performance of our duties to our fellow-men as the remedy for removing existing abuses. The unfinished essay on the "Golden Age of Greece" is, as far as it goes, but a reproduction of the pages of a school history of Greece. An allegorical poem on the delusiveness of earthly pleasures completes a readable number.

The editors of the *Wabash* want their magazine to be, above all, a literary production. The article on the English novel and social reform goes a great way to make it such. The article reflects great credit on the student who wrote it. He very ably reviews the rise of the English novel, its services in removing abuses and raising the tone of society at various epochs in its history, and indicates how its usefulness may be further profited of in this line. He wisely notes that the strength of the novel is negative in character; that it consists not in presenting plans for its reform, but in showing the need of it. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is considered, from one of the most characteristic standpoints of the author, the inevitable consequences of crime on the guilty and those surrounding them.

The Month is from St. Louis' College, New Westminster, B. C., and from its pages we learn how "widespread" was education in Rome under the popes. Education was free from the great Roman University through all its colleges and seminaries. Such gratuitous instruction obtained nowhere else.

Obituary.

—On Wednesday morning our little college world was shocked by news of the death of MR. PATRICK CAVANAGH, of Chicago. Mr. Cavanagh always manifested the deepest interest in the work of the University, where his high-mindedness and nobility of character had won for him many warm friends. His death, though sudden, was by no means unprovided, and one of the sweetest consolations of his friends is the memory of his strong, deep faith and the rugged virtues that sprang from it. What he was to his family, only those who knew him at his own fireside can guess; as a faithful Catholic and citizen his sterling character was an honor to Church and country. To the bereaved family, their many friends at the University offer heartfelt condolence, with the assurance that the beloved dead will be prayerfully remembered at the altar. May he rest in peace!

The following telegram was sent by the Junior class of which Thomas, a son of the deceased, was a member:

October 10, 1895.

MR. THOMAS T. CAVANAGH,
63 Cedar St., Chicago, Ill.,

The members of the Class of '97 extend to you their heartfelt sympathy in your sad bereavement.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this earth the loving father of Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh, one of our fellow-students; and

WHEREAS, We deeply sympathize with him in his sad bereavement; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we, his fellow-students, tender him and his afflicted family our heartfelt condolence.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to his sorrow-stricken family.

R. S. SLEVIN,	E. E. BRENNAN,
J. V. SULLIVAN,	D. P. MURPHY,
E. J. MURPHY,	E. CRILLY,
J. BARRY,	D. V. CASEY,—Committee.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to Himself the devoted father of our fellow-member, Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh, and,

WHEREAS, We deeply feel for him in his sad bereavement; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the University Dramatic Stock Company, offer him and the afflicted family our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these expressions of sympathy be inserted in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be sent to the sorrow-stricken family.

JOHN G. MOTT,
FRANCIS W. BARTON,
JOSEPH A. MARMON,—Committee.

Personals.

—Rev. George Thiele, of Aurora, Ill., visited his brother John, of Brownson hall, on Wednesday last.

—Rev. F. McLaughlin, of Niles, and Rev. M. Brown, of New Buffalo, Mich., made us a short visit last week.

—Frank McKee, B. L. ('94), is managing a flourishing insurance business in Versailles, Ky. He is doing a big business, and has the brightest prospects for the future.

—Walter Marr, B. S. ('95), has returned to the University to take a course in Civil Engineering. He is as clever as ever with his brush and palette, and we hope soon to see further proof of his artistic talent.

—Mr. T. T. Ansberry, LL. B. ('93), has recently been nominated for Prosecuting Attorney by the Democrats of Defiance, Ohio. If Mr. Ansberry is as successful in the coming election as he was at Notre Dame, he will be the next Prosecutor of Defiance.

—The Reverend John Bleckman, of Michigan City, Ind., paid us a visit last Thursday. He has just returned from a trip abroad and looks ten years younger than when he started. Father John has a host of friends who will be glad to learn of his improved health.

—Invitations have been received to attend the wedding of Mr. Henry L. Pritchard, B. S. ('90), of Charleston, W. Va., and Miss Emma Walker, a handsome and accomplished young society lady of that city. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Pritchard and his happy bride.

—Peter M. Ragan, LL. B. ('92), is practising law in Toledo, Ohio. He is taking an active part in the fall campaign, and is doing all in his power to assist the Campbellites. Judge—as he was familiarly called when here—was formerly a member of the Staff, and was prominent in student circles. His friends here wish him success.

—Mr. Frank Fehr (student, '85-'91), who will be remembered by students of the late "eighties" as the centre rush of the first Rugby team that ever played under the Gold and Blue, was the guest of the University, last week. When at college, "Dutch," as he was familiarly called, was a famous athlete and oarsman, and no track-team was complete without him. He has lost none of his old interest in sport, and he is as eager to-day to see Notre Dame's colors "at the peak" as in the old days when he wore canvas himself. He is a benedict, now, of some three months' standing, and the SCHOLASTIC wishes him and his estimable wife all happiness. Mr. Fehr entered his younger brother as a student in Brownson Hall, and promised to be less sparing of his visits—this was the first since his graduation—in the future.

Local Items.

—The Carroll second elevens played Thursday afternoon. Kirke's men won. Score, 6 to 0.

—Notre Dame *vs.* Northwestern on the 26th. The game will be called at 3.00 o'clock p. m., sharp.

—The Class of Rhetoric will soon take up the systematic study of the Essay. The students will welcome this.

—During the week, Dr. O'Malley has been lecturing to the Criticism class on Poetry compared with the other fine arts.

—Walsh is captain of the Brownson track-team, and Brother Hugh is the manager. The men are at work every day practising for next Tuesday.

—Wire has been substituted for rope, to enclose the gridiron field. Let the energetic young man who wants a seat at games, squat on the ground.

—The Brownson Crescent Club opened for the season on Wednesday evening last with about sixty members. It is under the direction of Professor Edwards.

—Bro. Paul, Secretary of the Students' office, has been compelled by ill-health to go to Denver, Col. His friends hope that he will soon return with renewed vigor.

—Prof. Edwards has sent for sets of the standard works of fiction, history, poetry and essays. As soon as they arrive they will be placed upon the Library shelves.

—"A clever chield" in Carroll hall accounted for his brilliancy by saying that when he was quite a small boy he was whipped by his teachers, and this made him smart.

—When you hear a friend spring a huge joke, a wonderful fish story or a phrase too deep for a Rhetoric student, just feel your own pulse within his notice, and relief is guaranteed in five minutes.

—The Carroll Specials lined up against the anti-Specials on Carroll campus last Thursday afternoon. The Antis played sixteen men, but could do nothing with their opponents, who won by a score of 20 to 0.

—The Director of the Library returns thanks to the Rev. J. F. Bowen, of Osage, Iowa, for two volumes of "Comentarius in Sacram Scripturam," and to Rev. Fathers Fitte and Regan for contributions.

—To-morrow will be Founder's Day. Solemn High Mass will be sung by Father Corby; Father Fitte will preach. At ten o'clock the Band will give a concert in the rotunda. The field-sports will take place next Tuesday, which will be a rec-day.

—Competitions have been postponed until the 25th and 26th of this month. They will then be held under the new system adopted

by the Faculty. An explanation of the new method will be given next week.

—If you walk from the main veranda toward the statue of the Sacred Heart you cannot help noticing the beautiful tints of the trees beside the path in front of you. The leaves have gained their highest plane of beauty before they fall beneath the snow.

—Very Reverend Provincial Corby, President Morrissey and Dr. O'Malley were in Kalamazoo Thursday as guests of the Reverend Dean O'Brien. The two first named left on Friday with Col. Hoynes for Chicago, to attend the funeral of Mr. Patrick Cavanagh.

—The Band serenaded St. Edward's hall last Thursday. Among its members are four ex-Minims. The members of the hall return sincere thanks to Professor Preston and his musicians for the delightful treat and for having favored them with the first serenade of the year.

—The man who didn't have "the woful expression and the rag on his face" is looking with a club for the man who did. The former received a letter and package from his friends, plainly meant for sympathy. He begs to announce that he is suffering from nothing but an attack of writer's cramp—sometimes a sad affliction.

—Last Sunday evening, the students of Sorin hall met in the Law room to arrange a contest with Brownson hall in the athletic events next Tuesday. Mr. J. G. Mott was elected to the chair; Mr. W. P. Burns was chosen captain, and Mr. D. P. Murphy manager of the team. There is good stuff in Sorin hall, and all are confident of winning the contest.

—A cycling party of nine, with Father Ill as pacemaker, rode to Niles, Mich., Thursday afternoon. Mile records were slightly cracked, yet not completely broken while going; but on the return trip mournful regrets, such as "why did we leave home?" were heard on all sides; for the return trip was made with a head wind that was almost a gale.

—The ex-Carrolls have organized a football team and are in regular practice. Already challenges have been issued to the high schools of Niles and South Bend, to St. Joseph's hall, to the Shorties and to Carroll hall. There are experienced players on the team, acquainted with all the tricks of the game, and we may look for some good contests. Leo Healy is the captain.

—Mr. Thomas Cavanagh was called home on Wednesday by the illness of his father, who has since died. Mrs. Cavanagh is a sister of Father Patrick Dillon, a former President of the University, and of Father James Dillon, a distinguished professor. Charles Cavanagh, one of Chicago's brilliant young lawyers, was Valedictorian of the Class of '91, and Thomas is a member of the Class of '97.

—The first meeting of St. Joseph's Literary Society was held last week. After a few words of advice from the Director, Bro. Boniface, the following officers were elected: President, J. Bennett; Vice-President, V. Dwyer; Secretary, F. Dreher; Literary Critic, J. Corr; Elocutionary Critic, T. Finley; Treasurer, S. Bouwens. The rendition of the "Dandy Fifth," by J. Corr, and a declamation by J. Bennett, closed the programme of the evening.

—The Lengthies have died. It was a premature death; a death by natural causes. The Shorties had made up their minds to have the pleasure of sending the Lengthies to their graves, but Fate anticipated them. It was just like this: A few days ago the Shorties skived to a secluded spot where they might practise their signals and plays in safety. Their old playground was deserted, and when the Lengthies discovered that their enemies were in for earnest work, they began to think seriously of giving up the ghost. They are dead, and the Shorties mourn for new worlds to conquer.

—The Philodemics held a meeting in the Law room last Wednesday evening. As no regular programme had been set for the occasion an impromptu one was carried out. The evening was devoted to the reading of short stories. Two selections from Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Mr. Travers' First Hunt" and "How Hefty Burke Got Even" were read by Messrs. Bryan and E. J. Murphy; Mr. P. Riordan also read, in a very entertaining manner, "The Taking of Lungtungpen," by Rudyard Kipling. In the course of the evening Mr. Shannon's resignation of the Vice-Presidency was read and unanimously accepted.

—The Executive Committee met last Thursday and transacted much business of interest to the Athletic Association. Mr. Wm. Walsh was proposed and elected coach of the Varsity Eleven, and a game, the opening one of the season, was arranged with Northwestern University for Saturday, October 26. Arrangements for Field Day, Tuesday, the 15th, were completed, and Robt. Brown was appointed chairman of a committee on "Yells" to report next Sunday, in order that there may be a uniform college call on that occasion. Substantial aid was voted towards the introduction of lacrosse, and Mr. Andrew Sammon was chosen coach to train the teams.

—The St. Cecilians held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening. Four new members were elected and the resignation of Mr. Ward accepted, which necessitated the election of the 2d Censor. After a close contest Joseph Naughton was chosen. The programme of the evening was then begun with a violin solo by Mr. Kasper. Then followed a reading by Mr. Burns and a declamation by Mr. Schoenbein, which were exceedingly well rendered. Committees were appointed to wait upon Rev. Fathers Morrissey, Cavanaugh, Dr. O'Malley and Prof.

Preston and inform them of their election to offices. Several short stories were read, a programme appointed for the next meeting, and then the society adjourned.

—The practice of the Varsity men has now a semblance of beginning. Sixteen men lined up against the regular team last Thursday, and for a time the play was fast and furious. The practice was marred by the childish squabbling of the opposing players, and the talk of the small boys in the crowd. If the men cannot control their tempers during practice, they will never be the sort to put against outside college teams. The captain should see that the men do no talking during a practice game—this will insure bridled tongues in regular contests. Too much gabbling will make them less alert; and they will need to have their wits about them when they meet Northwestern on the 26th. This opening game will be a notable contest. The Varsity has not met the men from Evanston since the sweeping victory Notre Dame gained over them in '89 on their own grounds. Every one should be out to encourage the Varsity to victory. Encouragement is everything in football.

—Through the kindness of Professor Preston, the meeting of the Philopatrians last Wednesday evening was more than usually entertaining. The professor is the Musical Director of the society, and he prepared a rare treat for the members. With Professor Ackermann and Mr. Francis Barton, '96, he played several of his own compositions, among them one specially dedicated to the society, and called "The Philopatrians' Yorke." Loud outbursts of applause showed how much the Professor's kindness was appreciated. A vote of thanks was tendered the three performers at the close of their playing. For the regular programme, A. Erhart recited, in a masterly way, a comic selection; the President gave a reading from "Lorna Doone;" P. Kuntz recited his favorite piece, and Messrs. Monahan, Girsch and Krug debated on the question: "Which is better, money or education?" As the discussion was not completed at this meeting, it will be taken up next Wednesday. The membership has been increased by the admission of T. Noonan, H. McCorry and R. Wilson.

—LAW SCHOOL.—The Law Debating Society was reorganized last Saturday evening. Col. Hoynes opened the meeting with a few well-directed remarks about public speaking, and then the following officers were elected for the first term: Director, Very Rev. A. Morrissey; President, Col. Wm. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, John H. Gallagher; 2d Vice-President, Albert J. Galen; Recording-Secretary, James B. Barrett; Corresponding Secretary, Michael F. Hennebry; Treasurer, James H. Brown; Critic, Francis P. McManus; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Frazer. The subject chosen for debate at the next meeting is, "Resolved: that the United States

ought to recognize the belligerents of Cuba." Messrs. M. F. Hennebry and A. J. Galen will speak for the affirmative, and Messrs. L. C. Wurzer and J. H. Gallagher for the negative. Meetings are held every Saturday evening in the law room.—A new addition has been made to our composit law course. The study and recitation of important cases is now a portion of the work during the evening class. This system is entirely new, and has been adopted in the last year, as the main feature in the course at Harvard.—Professor Hoynes is now lecturing to the law class on "Domestic Relations." At the "quiz" a practical Junior defined marriage as a contract whereby one man foolishly binds himself to support the daughter of another.—Mr. James B. Barrett has been appointed clerk of the University Moot-Court. The "Laws" agree that a better man can't be found in a seven days' journey.—The Laws of '96 will set a precedent for future classes by organizing a graduating class. A meeting will probably be held Saturday evening.

—The October term of the University Moot-Court was opened Wednesday afternoon in a manner that promises much. Both sides conducted the case so well that the jury has come to no agreement yet. Messrs. Barrett and Gaukler, acted for the plaintiff, and Galen and Hennebry for the defense. At the opening of the trial it appeared to both sides that the jury looked altogether too wise, and accordingly each man was challenged. This proceeding, however, was interrupted by the startling announcement of the clerk, that there were no more jurors in the panel. For a while the dignity of the court was lost amid the roars of laughter that followed. Such a predicament was unlooked for, but expedients were at hand. Both sides at once agreed that the original jury did not look so suspicious after all; for if it did, a postponement of the case was necessary, and such an idea was not a bit relished by the ambitious attorneys. The impanelling of the jury, however, was not the only incident that broke the monotony of the trial. The shrewd questions of the cross-examiners, and the shrewder replies of the witnesses, were not an inconsiderable source of amusement. Exceptions and objections followed each other, until no one knew what was objected to, and to what an exception was taken. By far the wittiest man on the stand was a teamster, Orlando Swisstustiopo, who baffled all his questioners by his ready replies. After the evidence was all in, and the concluding speeches had been made, the jury retired, and, despite the warnings of Sheriff Brown that the supper-bell had rung, failed to reach a verdict. The court then adjourned, ordering the jury to remain closeted until an agreement is reached. The result is the subject of much speculation in Sorin hall reading-room, but what it will be no one can tell.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Costello, Eyanson, Fagan, Gallagher, Lantry, Mulburger, Marmon, E. Murphy, Mott, Miller, McKee, McDonough, Ney, Pulskamp, Prichard,* Reilly, Ragan, Rosenthal, Shannon, Sullivan, Stace, Steele,* Weaver, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Britz, Ball, J. H. Browne, R. Browne, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Brennan, Clendenin, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, J. E. Corby, J. Corby, Carney, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly, Dowd, Ducey, Duperier, Eyanson, Finnerty, Forbing, Fera, Foulks, Flannigan, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Fehr, Goeke, Gibson, Geoghegan, Golden, Gilmartin, Galen, Hennebry, Haley, Hay, Hesse, Henry, Hays, Hagerty, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hierholzer, Hindel, Kegler, J. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, E. Kelly, Landa, Mattingly, McGinnis, McKenzie, Maurus, McPhee, Murphy, Mathewson, Miler, R. Monahan, Medley, McCormack, Mingey, McCarrick, McHugh, McDonald, Murray, Niezer, O'Malley, Oldshue, Naughton, Powell, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, Hengen, R. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, Rowan, Rauch, San Roman, Smoger, Speake, Steiner, Smith, Stuhlfauth, Sammon, Straus, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Tabor, Thiele, Tong, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuhey, Tuttle, Walsh, Wurzer, Wigg, Ward, Wagoner, Wensingner, Wade, Wallace.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Abrahams, W. Berry, T. Berry, Brown, Beardslee, Barry, Burns, G. Burke, E. Burke, Bump, Cornell, Cave, Curry, Crowdus, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curris, Crepau, Devine, Druiding, Dugas, Darst, Dinnen, Erhart, Franey, Fennessey, Flynn, Fuhrer, Gimbel, Girsch, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hayes, Hagerty, Hawkins, Herron, Healy, E. Hake, L. Hake, Jelonak, Jonquet, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, Kay, Kirk, Koehler, Krug, Leach, Long, Langley, Lowery, Land, Leonard, Loomis, Murray, Meagher, Mohn, Monahan, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McElroy, McNamara, McKinney, F. McNichols, W. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mally, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, Rasche, P. Regan, E. Regan, W. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Stearns, Shiels, Shipp, Summers, Schoenbein, Scott, Stare, Shillington, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Thames, Tuohy, Tescher, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Watterson, Walsh, Wimberg, Ward, Wilson, Wells, Welker.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, Bergeron, W. Bullen, J. Bullene, Breslin, C. Bode, F. Bode, R. Brissander, F. Brissander, Campau, Campbell, Catchpole, Cotter, Cressy, Clarke, Coquillard, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Elliott, Ehrlich, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, Fetter, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, Marshall, Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Martin, Maher, O'Loughlin, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Polk, Paul, Plunkett, Pyle, Phillips, Quinlan, C. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Sontag, Spillard, Swan, Sexton, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Welsh, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidener, Waite.

* Omitted last week by mistake.